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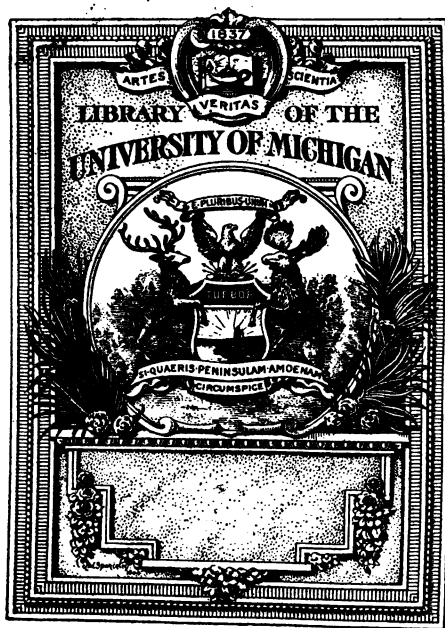
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THE CHAPEL

AND

OTHER POEMS

CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE

BY

E. FOXTON, friend..

AUTHOR OF "HERMAN," "SIR PAVON," AND "AGNES WENTWORTH"

Rev. Hammond Sully

NEW YORK

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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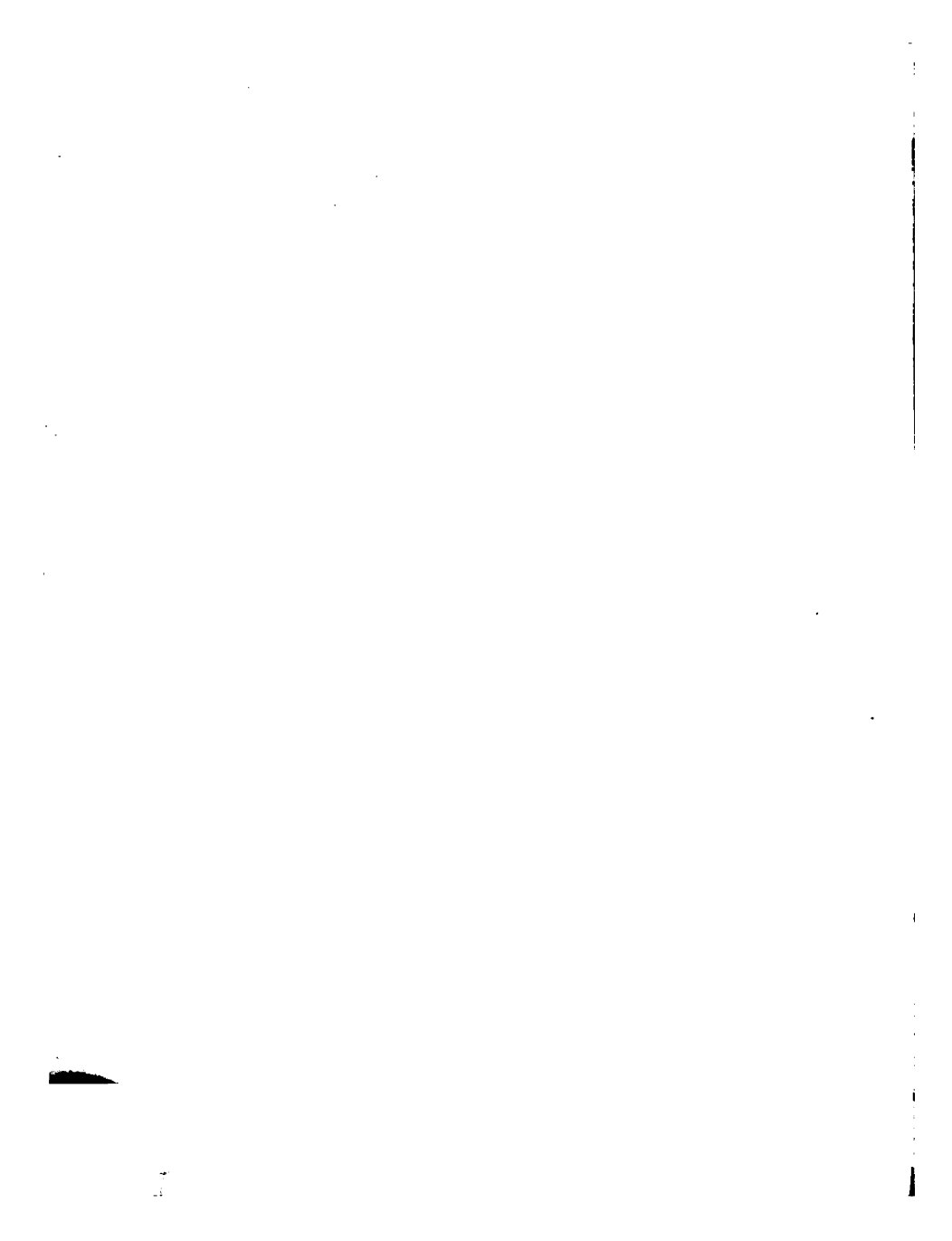
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TO
JOHN GORHAM PALFREY

THE OLDER AND THE YOUNGER

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



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THE CHAPEL AND OTHER POEMS.

THE CHAPEL.



GOD, make Thou my soul into a church,—
One little chapel in the church of Christ,
So cleanly ordered, with most narrow search,
That angels white may be therein enticed.

Uprear upon its front the Cross divine,
Whose awful shadow scares the fiends away,—
That heals the spirit as the brazen sign
Healed snake-stung flesh in Israel's pilgrim day.

Bid heavenly Yearnings build its mounting spire
In sight of earth, but nearer to the skies,—
In hearing of the legions of my Sire,
For fear its foes should take it by surprise.

There post, to keep it for the heavenly King,
Conscience, the watchman, high amid the bells,—
The prayer-bells,—timely larums now to ring,
Then of those vanquished foes to toll the knells.

Through its strait gates let earthly Feelings come,
To issue thence assoiled and sanctified,—
To do Thy work in market-place or home,
And sow Thy blessings round on every side.

But there let heavenly Wisdom, porter, reign,
Firm to shut out all lawless Fantasies,
That now run riot in too many a fane,—
False Doctrines,—young or aged Heresies.

Bid him be wary. But beside him still
Let his soft sister, Mercy, meekly stand,
A ready almoner to clothe or fill
The bare or hungry with an eager hand.

Within let many a lofty image be
Of such as not in vain have sighed and striven,

With upward, prayerful arms to point to me
The pathway that they climbed from earth to
heaven.

Within set Thou a font, whose weeping brim
Shall wash away earth's dust that soils the place,
With living waters never dry nor dim,
That gush from the deep well-springs of Thy
grace.

On my heart's fleshly tables lifted high,
The Pater Noster write,—the Law,—the Creed,—
In golden characters that aye the Eye,
That sees in secret, may untarnished read.

There let the Book of Life be opened well,—
The Shekinah still brooding o'er it be,—
To show its pictures wide of heaven and hell,
With the strait path that threads the world to
Thee.

Let heaven, at the clear windows, vaporless
Look in, expectant, near, and calm and blue,

And more and more the Sun of Righteousness,
With peace and pardon in his beams, shine
through,

To gild the tombstones of dead Faults, and see
The marble cheek of Penitence grow bright,
Fixed o'er them with clasped hands and kneeling
knee
And face upturned to meet the searching light.

Beneath the roof let Passion's voice be dumb,
Or straightway hushed by Reverence and Faith,
To hear in clearness, through the stillness, come
Each word the still small Voice unearthly saith.

To my Thoughts' thronging congregation there,
Then let Thine angels, in that stillness, preach
The laws the heavens are ruled by,—honor fair,
And their own full-grown public spirit teach :

To love one's neighbour as one's self,—the same
Love for one's virtue and one's neighbour's
know ;—

Honor that hateth falsehood more than shame,
And treason more than any loss or woe.

There solemnly let Truth to Love be wed,
Sweet Tenderness to strong Self-Mastery,
To mountain-moving Faith meek Lowlihead,
And fiery Zeal to melting Charity.

Therein let funerals be celebrate
Of childish Wishes, such as mortals grieve,
Forever sung to rest with dirges great
By Resignation chanting, "I Believe,"

And Loyalty, who from the dust doth rise
To pitch his key to that of viewless choirs,
That overhead in spreading harmonies,
With hands untrembling, sweep their glorious
lyres.

"Thy will be done!—Thy will, not mine,—Thy
will
And mine; for mine is Thine,"—thus let him
sing,

“ And Thine is mine ! ”—from earth to heaven until
The throbbing void doth with his triumph ring.

There sometimes with a radiant seraph train,
When earth without looks deathly, blank, and
cold,

Come down in warmth and wintergreen, and
deign,

Amid the snows, a Christmas feast to hold.

Good Fridays bring, when shineth fortune's sky

In the spring heats of mine eternity,

That chastened Pride and Greed within may die

For love of him who died for all and me.

There shrive me at Thy dread confessional.

There let Communion be with Christ, the head

Of hosts, the militant and triumphal ;

There let me kneeling eat the awful bread

He giveth that was broken for our sake,

Worthily, all unmixed with earthly leavens,

Until the walls give way, and way do make

Unto the Church eternal in the heavens.

THE CROSS.

In hoc signo vinces.

HOLY Father, Thou this day
Dost a Cross upon me lay.
If I tremble as I lift,
First, and feel Thine awful gift,
Let me tremble not for pain,
But lest I may lose the gain,
Which thereby my soul should bless,
Through mine own unworthiness.

Let me, drawing deeper breath,
Stand more firmly, lest beneath
Thy load I sink, and heavily
In the dust it crusheth me.
Bearing this, so may I strength
Gather to receive at length,

In turn, eternal glory's great
And far more exceeding weight.

No, I am not crushed ; I stand ;
But again Thy helping hand
Reach to me, my pitying Sire ;
I would bear my burden higher,—
Bear it up so near to Thee
That Thou shouldst bear it still with me.

He, upon whose careless head
Never any load is laid,
With an earthward eye doth oft
Stoop and lounge too slothfully.
Burdened heads are borne aloft
With a steadfast dignity.

By Thine own strong arm still led,
Let me never backward tread,
In a coward's base retreat,
The path the Master's onward feet
Unswervingly, if bleeding, trod
Unto victory and God.

Doth the banner-bearer wince,
Who bears the banner of his prince
To conquest in his galled palm,
Or turn aside to seek for balm ?
Nay, for the glory thrice outweighs
The petty price of pain he pays.

Till the appointed time is past,
Let me hold Thy token fast.
Ere I lay it down to rest,
Late or early, be impressed
So its stamp upon my soul
That, while all the ages roll,
Endlessly it may be shown
The Shepherd marked me for his own ;
Because I bear the crimson brand
Of all the sheep washed by his hand,
For my passing pain or loss
Signed with the eternal Cross.

THE ROCK.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed : lead me to the rock *that* is higher than I."

Psalm lxi, 2.

"And a man shall be as an hiding place * * * ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Isaiah xxxii, 2.



FATHER, 'mid the quicksands of life I go
astray !

The rising billows chase me,—I cannot find my way !
I stumble,—I am sinking ! All-Holiness, give heed
Unto my baffled frailty, come down unto my
need,

And give my babbling dumbness in time a voice to
cry,

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

O Rock of vine and olive, whose palmy shade
abounds

For my hungry heart with honey,—with oil to heal
her wounds !

In a weary land a shadow, when fierce the sunbeams
beat !

Place from the Foe to hide me ! Sure stay for slip-
pery feet !

Full source of living waters, when earthly founts run
dry !—

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

Thereon my house be founded, that when all round
me blow

The winds of wild false doctrine, and near and
nearer flow,

With cramp-struck swimmers laden, cold floods of
unbelief,

And comes and beats upon me, the drowning rain
of grief,

My strong-hold may unshaken stand 'mid the ruins
nigh.

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

When Pleasure would bewitch me, and casteth
from her hand

Spells to make her barren lowlands fair and false as
fairy-land,

Say "Come up higher," Father, that I may see and
know

This world's bright, passing glories, and how to let
them go,

By him who viewed undazzled, and bade the
Tempter fly.

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

When men wish me happy new years, but, as every
old year ends,

The new mile-stones on my journey are the grave-
stones of old friends,

From the Shadow's awful Valley to the Rock that
riseth o'er,

To show me the sweet souls that have but gone on
before,

Where mists of Death no longer can blind my weep-
ing eye,

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

When dearest homes are emptied and nearest
hearth-stones cold,
Lead up my homesick footsteps ; and bid mine eyes
behold
The mansion making ready, that lights its lamps for
me,
With household names resounding,—with old fami-
liar glee,—
Till dwindle into moments, the years between that
lie.
Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

When nigh unto the socket my candle burns away,
In the living Rock's safe keeping my mortal down
to lay,—
As in the tomb of Joseph, where angels all the
night
At head and foot sat watching, and made the dark-
ness light,—
Obedient and unshrinking to bid this life good-bye,
Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

And that, when the trumpet soundeth that calls the
dead to rise,—

As an eagle on her eyry uplifted to the skies
In the cleft of a mighty mountain,—when caught up
in the air

The ransomed meet their Saviour, I may betimes
be there,—

Not wait the dreadful gleanings, the second death to
die,—

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I !

QUARE TRISTIS?



HY shun, my soul, with downcast, cowed behaviour,
The strife that lowers?
Man's lot is pain ; shall Satan or the Saviour
Attend on ours ?

Still in the van is found thy conquering Warden ;
And flight is loss.
The soothing angels of the grievous garden
Still haunt the Cross ;

And if, accomplished all thy craven fears,
That Cross be mine,
On high the martyrs sing, Faith grows in tears
As pearls in brine.*

* " Im Kreuze wächst uns der Muth,
Wie Perlen in gesalzner Fluth."

If 't were not for the world, that comes between
 With cares unmeet,
O child of God, by thee the stars were seen
 Beneath thy feet !

Thou, Father, fallest into no mistake ;
 We judge amiss,
And often choose the sordid things that make
 Ignoble bliss ;

Then bless us—but for this, with bended knee,
 On Thee I call—
As we should pray that Thou shouldst bless, if we,
 Like Thee, knew all.

HERMAN'S VIGILS.

"Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

Psalm xlii. 8.

"L'on y apprend qu'une affliction bien endurée est un trésor pour l'éternité, et que souffrir avec Jesus Christ doit être l'ambition d'une âme qui veut s'approcher de sa glorieuse conformité,"

Le Combat Spirituel.

THOU, Who didst cheer with melodies of
heaven

Israel's crowned shepherd in his vigils long,
To the long midnight of my woe hast given
At last a faint, low song.

While Rest and Childhood press their quiet pil-
lows,

By Thy dear presence' pitying pleadings won
From hoarse-grown Silence, I from wind-swung
willows

My harp unstrung take down.

Too faint to climb, no more with burning hands
I strain for gadding bays its frame to deck ;
But, kneeling where the Cross forsaken stands,
The ensanguined flowers I seek,—

Sad passion-flowers, pansies dark and sweet,
And love-lies-bleeding drowned in heaven-wept
dew,
And herb of grace, for broken spirits meet,
The Serpent-baffling rue.

As the pleased mother marks, an unmarked warden,
Her children's pastimes from her window high,
But, if or fright or pain invade her garden,
Doth breathless to them fly,

Clasps them with kisses in her felt embraces,
Them with her unexpected voice doth cheer,
And looks into their upturned, crying faces
That straight begin to clear,

So Thou,—Who, o'er our mazy life presiding,
An ever tender, mindful watch dost keep

O'er all our joys, those thoughtless joys provid-
ing,—

Art nearest when we weep.

Oh, that to all this world of grieving mortals

I could one tithe, but, of the balm impart,

With which Thou knockest at the unlatched portals

Of my void, desolate heart !

With tears Thou deign'st to purge my dust-dimmed
vision,

So of the ends of fleeting earthly woe,—

In the high councils of Thy state Elysian,—

Somewhat to me to show.

Much, much Thy mercy takes, that Thou mayst
give

Gifts which Thy wisdom sees worth all besides.

Our life decays to teach our souls to live

Where deathless life abides.

Thou, for our heavenly, thwart'st our earthly ends,

For riches true, dost change our drossy pelf,

And callest up to thee our human friends,
To substitute Thyself.

Thou, firm yet kindly Nurse, dost put away
The fading, poisonous laurels—then, to calm,
Our idle rage, our blessed loss wouldst pay
With fair immortal palm.

Art's brightest pages into blackness turn
In the grim noontide of our darkened eyes,
But that from Thine own lessons we may learn
The lore that angels prize.

E'en though Thou suffered those to smite us sore,
Whom erst Thou didst ordain to soothe and
bless,
'Twere through their wounds, the oil and wine to
pour
Of mightier tenderness.

Borne on a bed of soft, inglorious roses
Thou wouldst not, Father, that Thy child should
be,

To those calm halls where, lapped in peace, re-
poses

Christ's host from victory.

From heaven's steep ramparts, when some watch-
man bright

Shows the dim sunken point that gave him
birth,

Through deeps of surging suns and tossing light,—
The recollected earth,—

Looks through the woes did cloud its tiny ball,
And smiles at phantasms that befooled him
then,—

Straining a spirit's memory to recall
How once he walked with men,—

And modest of the mighty wars will tell,—

In its clay cradle's infancy and age,
Strangling the writhing, snaky brood of hell,—
His infant soul did wage,

And boasts with grateful pride Thine arm that gave
Its aid in every peril that befell,

Thou would'st not that one craven child should
have
No answering tale to tell.

For crowns of thorns, that gall Thy saints below,
Are crowns of glory worn by saints above ;
The hand that weaves one for my shrinking brow
Is weaving it in love.

For the last time, perchance 'tis profferéd ;
Oh, bear with me, and I will now endure,
Lest 'mid Thy shining ones I hang my head
Undiademed, obscure !

Thou bidst me to the table where, on waters
Of bitterness and sorrow's hardest bread,
Earth's noblest sons and purest, holiest daughters
Their growing souls have fed.

In the heart's upper, large, hushed chamber sitting,
Their working brows by angels' pinions fanned,
By high Thoughts waited on with service fitting,
I see the awful band.

The blood-like beads of sweat big on his forehead,
Lo! at their head, most sad, most blest, sits he
Who knelt, upon the night of nights most horrid,
In dank Gethsemane.

To share the Passover of agony,
As lay of yore the loved Apostle John,
In his own heaving bosom bids me lie
My Saviour and Thy Son.

And, "If Thou may'st not pass from me this cup,"—
So round the board the half-choked pledge doth
run,—
"O Father, to its dregs I drink it up ;
Thy will, not mine, be done !"

It is enough ! With them and Thee in union,
Though all my days be spent in travail sore,
Make me but worthy of this dread communion,
And I will ask no more.

Make me but worthy, Lord, lest I, as they
Who in despair and wrath their spirits sink,

Tasting this cup and bread unworthily,
 Damnation eat and drink.

Drawn nearer Thee, not chased, in each affliction
 Oh, let me own, with faith that cannot rove,
A Father's earnest hand in benediction,
 Heavy with weight of love !

No more I yield to doubtings or dejections,
 But meekly offer up to God and man
A pierced heart's blood and crucified affections,
 The little all I can ;

And when,—as sudden glooms and darkness dun
 Sweep from my life's short road the flying light,—
Spreads her grim veil to shroud me from the sun
 The frowning, awful Night,

I will not shudder at its black expansion,
 But, darkling led by Thee, will trusting say,
"Some rising turret of my heavenly mansion
 Doth shadow o'er my way."

My soul is strengthened. He that ever liveth
 To those who at His midnight footstool weep,

Shall give unto me, even as He giveth
To his belovéd, sleep ;

And, as the priceless boon in peace I take,
Beneath Thy brooding wings my bed shall be ;
And I will lay me down sure, when I wake,
Of being still with Thee.

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

BECAUSE I wear the swaddling-bands of
Time,

Still mark and watch me,
Eternal Father on Thy throne sublime,
Lest Satan snatch me.

Because to seek Thee I have yet to learn,
Come down and lead me.
Because I am too weak my bread to earn,
My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are not mine
And might undo me,
Give, from Thy treasure-house of goods divine,
Good gifts unto me.

Because too near the pit I creeping go,

Do not forsake me.

To climb into thine Thine arms I am too low ;

O Father, take me !

OUT OF SERVICE.

"If, as a flowre doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good
Before I were, by frost's extremitie,
Nipt in the bud !"

HERBERT.



CREATURE out of work, in beggary

To Thee I come.

O King of kings, find place and use for me

In Thy great home !

Scarce skilled to serve and please my fellow-men,

On Thee to wait

I offer me. In mercy let me in,

Ere 'tis too late.

Though somewhat I be rusty, dull, and frail,

Do not refuse me ;

No weapon in Almighty hands can fail ;

O Maker, use me.

Draw out the music from my heart-strings mute,—

Notes high and glad

Of thanks and praise ; or, if it better suit,

Low, sweet, and sad.

My jangled chords a tuner's care and pain

Too much require ;

But, good or bad, the player makes the strain

More than the lyre.

Speak unto me; the hardest rocks full oft

The best resound ;

Thy voice may to some answering heart more soft

From mine rebound.

Or break me with Thine awful rod apart,

If only so

Thy living waters through my stony heart

May weeping flow,

And forth anon, the world's dry places through,

Untainted leap,

And give betimes to drink and live anew

Christ's fainting sheep.

I shiver through my show of leaves whene'er

The year comes round ;

“Why cumbereth it”—I ever fear to hear—

“The groaning ground?”

The hungry husbandman too oft hath passed ;

He seeks my fruit,

And tills my clod, in vain. The axe at last

Lies at my root.

FAINTING AT NOONTIDE.

"What? wearied out with half a life?"

KEBLE.

"The end crowns all!"

SHAKESPEARE.

H, heart, my heart, why flags thy force
Thus in the middle of my course,
Midway between the sea and source?

The stream that stagnates in its bed
Turns no man's mill. As well be dead
As numb and rigid. Overhead

Stands earth's bright overseer, the sun :
"Your work,—your work! It is not done.
The night shall take my place anon,

"Put out your light, and bid you come
To rest within the idle tomb,—
To sluggards still a house of gloom!"

Morn hears the harvest-songs. 'Tis eve's
To see when mute the reaper heaves
Into the wains the bursting sheaves.

The fields are to the harvest white,—
The laborers only scant ; the blight
May fall ere all be garnered right.

The sickle plies thy lonely lord ;
And canst thou hear his loyal word,
Nor every pulse anew be stirred?—

“ My meat and drink it is, to do
My Father's will ; but this I rue,
His husbandmen,—behold, how few ! ”

Who bear the burden and the heat,
If not the throe and bloody sweat,
And, at his side, in patience eat

Of his hard bread and share his cup,
At noon, they shall be summoned up
At night with him in joy to sup.

THE EXCHANGE.

SAD souls, that harbour fears and woes
In many a haunted breast
Oh, take them to your lowly Lord,
And he will give you rest !

Into his commonwealth alike
Are ills and blessings thrown ;
Bear ye your neighbours' loads ; and lo,
Their ease shall be your own.

Yield only up His price,—your hearts,—
Into God's loving hold ;
He turns with heavenly alchemy
Your lead of life to gold.

Some needful pangs endure in peace,
Nor yet for freedom pant ;
He cuts the bane, you cleave to, off,
Then gives the boon you want.

GOD LEADS US ON.

"I will lead them in paths they have not known."

Isaiah, xlii : 16.

ISAIAH, prophet of the Lord,
Of yore unto the Hebrew horde
Spake, "God the Lord has pledged his word,
Ye blind and lone,
To lead you far from fear and wrath,
And darkness that your spirit hath,—
Pitfalls and prisons,—by a path
Ye have not known."

An echo still that utterance bears
To us, the Promise' Gentile heirs,
And murmurs hope 'mid griefs and cares ;
God leads us on,—
How oft, fulfilling it unsought !—
Lays hands upon our struggling doubt,
And leads through fear to safety out
By paths unknown.

In Eden's Serpent-haunted bowers
We crown our idle heads with flowers :
" Here will we sing away the hours,
 Till days be flown."
In vain we lag with restive feet ;
To bear the burden, and the heat
Of suns that on His harvests beat,
 God leads us on.

We pant and sweat in Mammon's hold ;
We pawn our sordid souls for gold ;
New dupes unto the Tempter old
 Are almost gone ;
Our stooping spirits' wings are furled,—
We, in the workshops of the world,
Caught in its grinding wheels and whirled.
 God leads us on,

Though torn, yet freed. Our wretched pay
He wresteth from our hands away.
" All souls are mine ! " the Lord doth say,
 " And not your own.

Ye shall not sell, nor Satan buy,
What to redeem Mine heir did die.
False fiend, avoid ! " He sees him fly,
And leads us on.

Death smites us through some dearer one ;
We writhe upon a churchyard stone :
" Here will we lie and die," we moan.
God leads us on,
Unto the olive and the vine ;
He heals us with His oil and wine ;
Till once again our faces shine,
Lit by His Son.

Father, Thy will be done. E'en so
Lead ever on ; though we be slow
To leave our pastime, toil or woe,
Still lead us on
In safety, through earth's friends and foes,—
Her wedding feasts and funeral shows,—
Till out of earth Thy pathway goes
And Heaven is won.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

E'R waves that murmur ever nigh
My window opening toward the deep,
The light-house with its wakeful eye
Looks into mine, that shuts to sleep.

I lose myself in idle dreams,
And wake in smiles or sighs or fright
According to my visions' themes,
And see it shining in the night,

For ever there and still the same ;
While many more besides me mark,—
On various course, with various aim,—
That light that shineth in the dark.

It draws my heart toward those who roam
Unknown, nor to be known by me ;
I see it and am glad, at home,
They see it and are safe at sea.

On slumberous, thus, or watching eyes
It shines through all the dangerous night ;
Until at length the day doth rise,
And light is swallowed up of light.

Light of the world, incarnate Word,
So shin'st thou through our night of time,
Whom freemen love to call their Lord,—
O beacon steadfast and sublime !

In temporal things—grief, joy, or care,—
Enrapt, we dream, but turn to thee,
And straightway where and what we are
By thine unfailing radiance see.

Some see thee from life's sheltered shore ;
Some watch thee, doomed to sail life's deep,
Whose cruel waters rage and roar,
Or o'er sharp reefs in ambush creep ;

But while to them thou show'st the way,
Their anxious way is safe and blest ;
Their brave, long toil, may wealth repay
Scarce won by those at ease who rest ;

And men of every land and speech,
If but they have thee in their sight,
Are bound to thee, and each to each
Through thee, by countless threads of light.

So be it till the end shall be,
When Death beneath thy feet shall fall
And, unto us as unto thee,
Thy God and ours be all in all. *

* First Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter xv, verse 24 *et seq.*—"Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father * * * And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

THE SEEKER.



LONG Time's river,—like a soul unborn,
That endlessly, on Chaos' shore forlorn,
Flits through the long-drawn dark and finds no
morn,—

I rove with restless feet, and rove in vain.
Slow grow my feet, and full of weary pain ;
'Tis mine to seek, but never yet attain.

Before me, like a boding wraith, I see
The phantom form of that which I should be.
I cannot gain on it. It flies from me.
Then doth it climb and almost reach Thy side.
I strain a tip-toe ; but, my utmost tried,
The round world rolls ,and back from Thee I slide.

Still this *I would be and I am not* aches
Through all my futile life ; that life it makes
A burning desert which no fountain slakes.

“The thing I would do, that I do not !” saith
My spirit still, with faint and fainter breath.
Who shall deliver me from all this death ?

My God, in mercy let the voice, whose call
Rang through the noontide night of Jewish Saul,
And bade him rise the new-create St. Paul,—
E'en though like his it bid me sufferings see,—
Bid mine at last his own thanksgiving be,
“I can do all, through CHRIST that strengtheneth
me !”

PARATUS ET FIDELIS.

"The sun now stoops and hastes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE creeping shadows deeper grow.
The bird flits near her nest.
The village rests. The generous sun,
Fast sinking in the west,
Flings gladly back his lavish gold
To gild the brassy vanes,
And lighteth festal lamps that burn
In all the window-panes,
To welcome his successor in,
The tearful, black-stoled Night,
And smiling o'er earth's shoulder looks
That bears him out of sight.

The tender Twilight, sent from God,
With soft and sighing breath
Its daily message duly says,—
“Prepare for peaceful death.”

O Thou, that mad'st my frame of dust,
My spirit out of Thine,
Unto Thine every summons must
My ready ear incline.

Thou know'st if far, or just at hand,
Is even now the day
That goeth forth at Thy command
To bear my soul away.

Thou seest through mists of years, that strain
And balk my human eye,
Where,—when,—this restless heart and brain
Two quiet clods shall lie.

The bed-time doth the father choose
That for the child is best ;
Let but my work be done before ;
And let my sleep be rest,

My wedding-garment whole and clean,
My fellow-servants fed,
My fruit an hundred-fold, and ten
My traded talents made,

And let me, with my oil's full cruise
And shining lamp alight,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Dart forth into the night,

As children to their couches spring,
To sleep the dark away,
And see the dawn that comes to bring
The gifts of Christmas Day.

THE PALMER.

 PALMER am I, on my way
To seek and find the Holy Land.
Scarce had I started when there lay,
Or marched, round me a fourfold band :
A smiling Joy, a weeping Woe,
A Hope and Fear did with me go ;
And one may come, or one be gone,
But I am nevermore alone.

My little Hope, she pines and droops
And finds it hard to live on earth,
Until some pitying angel swoops
To lift her out of frost and dearth,
And bears her on before and up
To drink out of our Saviour's cup
Such cheer as here she cannot find,
While slowly on I plod behind.

THE PALMER.

Thus oft I send her from below,—

Poor little Hope !—for change of air.
I miss her sorely ; but I know
That God of her is taking care,
And, when my course on earth is done,
To heaven's gate I shall see her run
To meet me, 'mid the shining bands,
With full fruition in her hands.

My Fear I give to Faith, to still

With lullabies upon her breast.
She sings to him, " Our Father's will,
Not ours, be done ; for His is best,"
And lays him down to sleep in bowers,—
Beneath the Cross,—of passion-flowers ;
But ever yet he wakes in pain,
And finds his way to me again.

But Woe will scarcely loose her hold ;

She sits and walks and runs with me,
And watches. Ere the sun with gold
Pays to the East his entrance-fee,

She stirs and stares me in the face,
And drives me from each stopping-place.
A guardian angel in disguise
Seems looking through her tearful eyes.

Perhaps she hath a charge from God,
To see that ne'er, through Satan's camp,
I slumber on my dangerous road
Too sound or long. A safety-lamp,
Meantime by Joy is carried nigh,—
Somewhat aloof ; for he is shy,—
Too shy within my grasp to stay,
Though never is he far away

Thus, fellow pilgrims, fare we on ;
But, in what mortals call my death,
My Fear is doomed to die anon ;
When Woe shall leave me safe,—so saith
My sweet-voiced Hope,—and turn to bring
Some other soul ; but Joy shall spring
Into my arms, through Peter's door
To pass, and rest there evermore.

ANNA THE PROPHETESS.

"And there was one Anna, a prophetess, * * * and she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day."

Luke ii, 36, 37.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? * * * Therefore glorify God in your body."

I. Corinthians, vi, 19, 20.

ST. LUKE the evangelist left in his history,
To us, a legend most soothing and calm;
Far off and dim, through its distance and mystery
Down the long ages it sounds like a psalm.
Homilies oft have less weight with more heaviness;
Much in few words to our spirits doth say,
The old Scripture that tells us how Anna the
prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Through wedded bliss, from her innocent
maidenhood
Softly led on toward a saintly old age,
Then, through the shock and the anguish of widow-
hood,
To the one shrine that her woe could as-
suage,—
First through the myrtles, and then through the
cypresses,
Up to the mountain where palms have their
sway,—
Hallowed and comforted, Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Veiled far within, were the Ark and gold cher-
ubim.

Veiled in the Court of the Women was she,
Seeing in visions heaven oped, with its seraphim,—
Seeing by faith what her eye could not see ;—
Trusting, and teased by no vain, prying restless-
ness,—
Firm, with a foot that went never astray

After forbidden ground,—Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Many a daughter of Zion, in bravery
Mincing abroad, tinkling, jewelled, and curled,
Proudly the livery wore of her slavery
Unto the prince of this perishing world,—
Sought his delights with a greediness measureless.
Seeking her God,—ever eager to pray,—
In her dark weeds, awful Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Sneered cynic Sadducee. Large in phylactery,
To the street-starers rehearsing his part,
Flaunted the Pharisee, Moses' character
Writ on his raiment, and not in his heart,—
Whitening the tomb of his inward unrighteous-
ness,—
Thee, Lamb of God, making ready to slay ;
While in her lowliness Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Till when, in swaddling-bands fashioned by
mortal hands,
Laying the glories aside of his home,—
Leaving his Sire,—to survey our low tare-sown lands,
The prince of the universe bowed him to
come,
He in his infant grace, to the meek votaress
Came, in his mother's soft arms as he lay,
Where, at her post suitress, Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Low lies the temple that towered o'er Jerusalem;
But in another, not built by men's hands,
Where hallelujahs succeed to the requiem,
Anna the prophetess jubilant stands.
Still at our work, Father, us with this blessing bless :
So to serve Thee, in these temples of clay,
That we, when they fall, may with Anna the proph-
etess
Serve in Thy temple of ne'er-nighted day.

THE SOUL AND THE WORD.

“ He shall call upon me, and I will answer him.”

Psalm xci, 15.



NCE, when the happy birds and flowers were
lulled in slumbers deep,
But Woe had laid her hands on me, and borne
me far from Sleep,
Beneath the pall that canopied the night, I voices
heard.
I listened ; and the Soul of Man was talking with
the Word:

THE SOUL.

“ My poverty! The paltry goods I gain, I cannot
hold!
Rust eats my iron,—moth, my web; the thief doth
paw my gold.”

THE WORD.

“Though even here I offer thee the riches of
God's grace,
This world is but thy wayside inn, and not thy
dwelling-place.
Thy Sire to thee the kingdom wills ; look up, and
there behold
A treasure-house thieves come not nigh, and bags
that wax not old.”

THE SOUL.

“A hundred hungry Longings prey in turn upon my
peace.
If fed, they but the stronger grow,—they gnaw and
never cease ;
But of all raging, ravening things that howl with
every breath,
There's nothing that dies half so hard as Hopes,
when starved to death.”

THE WORD.

“Then set them upon righteousness,—their famine
shall be filled ;
With living waters shall their thirst forevermore be
stilled.”

THE SOUL.

"In weakness and in nakedness, I war with countless foes ;
I wrestle, watch, and weep in vain ; they leave me no repose."

THE WORD.

"Put on what I hold out to thee,—the armour of the Lord ;
Some mightier far than thou shall keep around it watch and ward."

THE SOUL.

"My guilt doth stare me in the face ; I quake with nameless dread ;
My sins in number more abound than hairs upon my head !"

THE WORD.

"Poor Soul, to cleanse thy stains away,—more open-handed far
Than earthly parents, with their gifts unto their children, are,—
Thy heavenly Father waits to give to thee His holy ghost.
His first-born Son He sent from Him to seek and save the lost."

THE SOUL.

"I shudder at the solitude that girdles me around ;
I speak or shriek,—no answering voice, to echo
mine, is found.

Too sadly, if 'twere run alone, the noblest race
were run ;

And human love is hard to win, and mortal when
'tis won."

THE WORD.

"In memory of such loneliness, the Son gave unto
me,

This message for thee,—see that thou but take it
home to thee :—

'Who loves me, he will keep my words ; then let
him know full well,

My Sire and I will come to him in love, and with
him dwell.'"

THE SOUL.

"My brethren ne'er will point and stare at glory
that is mine.

In vain I trim my lamp of life ; I cannot make it
shine ;



And more and more, as wane the hours, I see that
'tis its lot
To smoke unnoted and scarce known,—go out
and be forgot."

THE WORD.

"'Tis granted thee thy Saviour's cross to bear behind
him here,—
When he appeareth, then with him in glory to ap-
pear."

Then cried the self-convicted Soul, "O vain,—O
puerile pride !
What matter if the monument be on the hither
side,—
Or further,—of the sepulchre ? So I remembered be
In heaven, there shall I earth forget, while earth
forgetteth me.
But grim the King of Terrors stands, my home and
me between ;
Its brightness still, with jealous hands, he from my
eyes doth screen.
Upon me sentence was pronounced or ever I was
born ;
And in the shadow of the tomb I, all my days for-
lorn,

Sit like the criminal condemned, who knows within
his cell,
His death-warrant is on its way,—how near he cannot tell.”

THE WORD.

“Before he wakened Lazarus, the mighty Master
said :

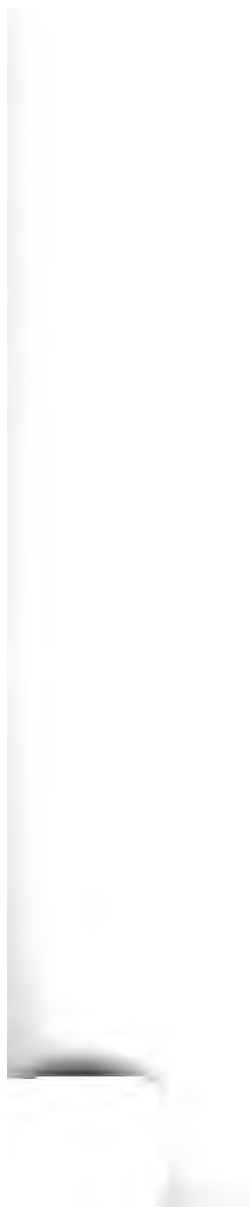
‘The man who doth in me believe shall live though
he were dead !

The resurrection and the life’—thus saith the
Christ !—‘am I ;

And all that live, and do believe in me, shall never
die.’”

No more I listened,—heard no more,—beneath the
stillness deep ;

For Woe had loosed her hold on me, and yielded
me to Sleep.



MISCELLANEOUS.

“To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true ;
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.

* * * * *

Seek not the same steps with the crowd.”

Silex Scintillans.



SHE SAYS TO ME, SAYS ANN.

WE hail from Boston ; so, last spring, I says to
Ann, says I,
“I can’t stan’ not to see the place once more afore
I die.”

An’ she says, “Go ; an’ see’t for both ; an’ lay up
all ye can
To tell me when ye’re here again,” she says to me,
says Ann.

I didn’t know she’d hankered so, the years we’d
lived out West,
For all we’d left. Old folks, I s’pose, doos like old
homes the best.
An’ now she talked on’t half the night,—the fall o
friendly feet,
An’ cheerful rumble of the wheels along the peb-
bled street,

An' of the air that used to come, upon a sultry day,
An' sweep all through it, salt an' cool, from Massachusetts Bay.

I bid her, for a keepsake, choose what she should
like to have.

She wanted jest a buttercup from off her mother's
grave.

I wasn't gone no great 'f a spell. I come back
with a sigh .

"Dear soul, there ain't no Boston left !" I says to
Ann, says I.

"Don't tell me so ! Another fire ?" she says to me,
says Ann.

"No, wus," I says ; "the city's fell into the hands
o'Man.

"They've filled it up an' built it up. They've tore
an' digged it down.

"'Taint hardly more, forevermore, than any other
town !"

"Who ever heared o' sech a thing, from Be'rsheby
to Dan!—

"The laylocks roun' the Hancock House?" she says
to me, says Ann.

"They're turned to starin' stone," I says, "that
made old Beacon Street,
To eyes an' nose o' rich and poor, so summer-like
an' sweet,
When, 'Lection-day, the Governor come out to
take his chair
Upon the Mall, with buns an' boys, all in the open
air."

"The Common where we children played?"

"In this here latter age,
They've had a gin'ral landslide there, an' put it in
a cage."

"But then you saw the Paddock Elms, where fust
we went to walk,—

The day we knew each other's mind,—and talked
as lovers talk ? ”

“ I saw—some shudderin' to the axe,—the rest
along the ground !

The crowd stood dumb like mournin' men, or cussed
an swore around.”

“ So ‘cussed be he’,—among the Jews you know
the Scriptur' ran,—

‘His neighbour's landmark, who removes,’ ” she says
to me, says Ann.

“ But then you heard the Sabbath bells,—you j'ined
in praise an' prayer,

To meetin', in your father's pew, in grand old Brat-
tle Square ? ”

“ There wa'n't no bells, nor pews, nor folks. A bare
an' crumblin' wall

Stan's gapin' on the holy place, a-totterin' to its
fall ! ”

"The rebels never got so fur, to work with shell an'
shot?"

"The good society had sold the old,—the sacred
spot.

I hurried off, in hopes to reach your mother's own
Old South

In time to hear some word o' grace from out some
pious mouth.

'Twas all a swarm o' clerks an' mails an' constables
to drag

A Judas out, they jest had caught a-stealin' from a
bag!"

"The Saviour so the Temple found, defiled with
dross an' beeves,

An' said, 'My Father's house of prayer, ye've made
a den of thieves!'"

She stopped, then asked, "My mother's grave?"

I couldn't bear her face.

I looked away. "Oh, wife!" I says, "I couldn't
find the place !

72 *SHE SAYS TO ME, SAYS ANN.*

They've pulled the peaceful gravestones up ; an,' all
along the edge
Of a intrudin' gravel-walk, they've set 'em for a
hedge ! ”

Her head into her wrinkled hands she dropped as
if in pain,
An' turned her speech to other things, when she
could speak again :
“ How long,” she says, “ O Lord, how long ? How
long shall men like these
Cut down our people's character, with all their dear
old trees ?
Are we a tribe of prodigals,—an orphaned nation,—
cast
Away and disinherited forever of the Past ?
Two hundred years unto our land in vain have
come and gone ;
'Tis bare of tokens of old time as any quarry-
stone.
To see the relics of our race, our countrymen must
roam

Across the seas ; they cannot have antiquities at
home.

The footprints that the fathers leave, the children
shuffle out ;

What wonder that the Pilgrim's faith gives place to
sneerin' Doubt,

Sence Reverence, shattered to the heart, shook
with a deadly shock

Before the sacrilegious hand that blasted Plymouth
Rock ?—

Would not some loyal two or three, to meet their
Master, stay

In houses reared by saints of yore, though Fashion
goes away ?

Still leave, ef only for a sign o' Faith left in the
lurch,

Upon its consecrated ground, each old forsaken
church ;

An' let its awful dumbness preach till, where the
town began,

It ends,—in truth an' soberness,"—she says to me,
says Ann.

BARRON.

February 28th, 1878.

"Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is Fate."

LOWELL.

THERE are barons in ancient story,—bold
barons whose banners fall,
Spear-rent and blood-stained and hoary, down
many a chapel-wall.
But find, if you can, another,—a knight without
shame or fear,—
Worthy to rank above him—*our* Barron, the bank-
cashier !

No comrades brave beside him, he stood on no
"deck of fame,"
Nor high on a hill of battle, to conquer a deathless
name ;

No gazing crowd bent on him one flashing or melting eye

Where, unmarked, the stainless champion stood firm
at his post—to die.

Surrounded on guard at nightfall,—at the close of
his toil-worn day,—

When his home was watching and waiting to cheer
him—no more for aye,—

In coolest blood, but unflinching, he stood his
lonely ground,

With the vault's dark roof above him and the
darker faces round.

He was ready to render the audit of his stewardship,
then and there ;

Before Heaven's recording angel, his day-book lay
clear and fair.

His past years stood up to back him, all pure and
true and just ;

And the man knew how to die, but not how to
betray a trust.

Henceforth let the spot he sank on with reverent
feet be trod,
Like the dungeon where Paul and Silas sang praises
unto God ;
For such deeds are as songs of glory in the name of
the holiest One,
Who once, on a darker Friday, lay sealed in a
vault of stone.

And say not that all forsaken he lay in the choking
gloom ;—
“ Who keepeth my words,” saith the Saviour, “ my
Father and I will come
Unto him.”—Nor deem them backward to answer
his helpless moan,
Who sped Death’s rushing angel to bear him be-
fore the Throne.

To long life, through brief dying, hath he passed,
in the “ land of the leal,”—
To his treasure and “ safe ” above us, where no
thieves break through and steal ;

And, while among the martyrs his modest head is
crowned,
Let his grave, by friends and strangers, be cherished
as holy ground.

You, who your country's honor would guard from
shadow of blame,
Teach your children, fathers and mothers, as a spell
this poor man's name.
In vain for them,—so long as his praise and mem-
ory last,—
Shall caitiffs prate that honor is only a dream of the
past.

Toil's aged sons and daughters,—young widows
and orphans,—pray
That the Lord, in His awful mercy, will of him the
death repay,
Who, to save your hard-earned pittance, his faithful
life did give,—
Aye,—following far his Master,—who died that you
might live.

May his murderers feel—and timely—afar God's
warning frown,
Ere, into the place of Judas, their hideous souls go
down,
Unto the cheating Tempter, the innocent blood
who sold
For a handful of paltry silver, that slipped from his
dying hold.

Let the cold earth white and ghastly, before their fly-
ing feet,
Look like a dead man's visage, and one sickening
scene repeat ;
And, when of flight they are weary, each roof
where they would dwell
Take on the grisly likeness of the vault where
Barron fell.

When by some household fire they would sit, with
cold sweat drenched,
Of the worm, they shall hear it murmur, and the
flame that is not quenched,

And,—if, worn out, they slumber,—the wind through
the window moan,
And wake them from dreams of horror with the
sound of a dying groan.

Let their tongues say what they would not, and
their looks speak out dismay,
Until before the shuddering, but cleansing, eye of
day
They are driven, in wild confession, to throw off
their loathsome load,
And the pardoning prayers of their victim are
heard by a pardoning God.

UNSPOKEN QUESTIONS.

I mount to your chamber. Your slow, pil-
lowed head,

At the sound of my name, turns. I sit by your bed ;
And we smile, and we chat on the news of the day ;
And I know, and you know, you are passing away.

But up to my lips, as the tears to my eyes,
To be forced back, surge questions that find no re-
plies :
Do you think my light glance, in your face firm as
wan,
Takes no note of the trenches which nearer are
drawn,
Day by day, by the foe that lays siege to your life ?—

Are you glad to be led, in mid heat, from the strife
Of earth's straining race-course, to hide eyes and
ears
From the glare of men's gaze, and the noise of their
cheers,
And, weary enough, in the dust to lie down,
Forgetting the race and foregoing the crown ?
Or, more sharp than the pangs of the flesh to the
soul
Is, to fall within sight—out of reach—of your
goal ?—

Does your soul, as the foot of the spoiler draws
nigh,
Bow down to the pit or lay hold on the sky ?—
Can you catch, through the valley you speed to-
ward alone,
Any glimpses afar of the Lamb on the Throne ?—
Shall you lean, as you tread the steep brink of the
grave,
On the arm of the One who is mighty to save ?—

When Sleep's shad'wy chambers have drawn in
the crowd,—
When the town's voice grows low and the clock's
voice grows loud,—
When up to your ear from the pavement comes
faint
The step of the sinner, or late-serving saint,—
When Pain from your pillow drives Slumber
away,
And the night-lamp burns down with its dull, sickly
ray,
And the drowsy nurse nods,—like a punctual
ghost,
Glides in grim Remorse to keep watch at her post?
Or does Conscience stand by you, a comforting
friend,
As you lie here and wait, with your deeds at an
end,—
Awaiting the judgment, while Time his last
word
For you says, ere Eternity's sentence is heard?—

Though many are nearer and some are more
dear

Unto me, yet, oh friend of many a long year,
If some might be warmer, none ever more true,
As I think and believe, have been toward me than
you !

When the slow, but sharp, shears on your thread
shall be shut,

Can you see how one strand of my own will be cut,
Intertwined,—slender, still of its fairest in glow,—
Down into the dark in your coffin to go?—

I know not ; and now I may scarce look to
know,—

So near Death leans o'er you to set his great seal
To your dumbness on all you foresee or you feel.—

Thus I query and muse ; and we finish our talk ;
And I go forth alone, in the sunshine to walk,
Strong in health and in purpose, but under a weight
That treads on my heart like the foot of your Fate,—

Go conning sad dirges and dreariest verse,
Through the streets you shall traverse anon—in
your hearse.

And next—your white lips will have murmured
their last,
And your voice have become as the Voice of the
Past,
And my thoughts must stray back, from the flood-
tide of men,
To a bleak, emptied chamber! What then,—and
what then?

DREAMING AND WAKING.



R in the body or without,—
But which, I did not think or know,—
My soul toward eve, in dread and doubt,
Toiled in an Alpine waste of snow.

A throne whereon sat nodding Death,
The avalanche o'erhung the pass ;
And oft athwart it yawned beneath,
The blue-lipped, hungry, sly *crevasse*.

Where led that pass, I could not see,
But saw no other, far or near ;
Nor gaped its rifts alone for me,—
For fellow-travellers far more dear !

Then leaped the ready ruin down !
It leapt upon them ! One by one
Each lurking pitfall claimed its own,—
Each voice gave out its dying moan !

All help was vain, where help was nigh.
They vanished out of human sight.
In vain, to grope,—in vain, to cry !—
Alone I walked to meet the Night,—

Alone with but the stillness bleak,
The overhanging precipice,
And snows that 'neath my feet did creak
Along the ice-edged, close abyss.

Anon upon me, swift and sure,
The mass of frozen darkness rushed
With weight no mortal could endure,—
Endure and breathe ;—and I was crushed,

But was not stunned. The shock struck out
My spark of life more quick and keen.
My eyes,—I knew not they were shut,—
Unclosed upon another scene :

Beside my safe and pillowed head,
'Mid myrtles, roses stood in bloom ;
A hearth-stone's embers glimmered red
Before me in a *cosy* room.

A bright white hand caressing strayed
An organ's answering keys along,
Light as the sun on Memnon played ;
A sweet voice sang a holy song.

No more to weep, no more to roam,
I rose to move with fearless tread,
In light and warmth and peace and home.
The waiting evening meal was spread;

Above, a household lamp was lit,
That long my evening-star had been ;
And those for whom my lids were wet,
By different doors came cheerly in.

Among them seated at the board,
I told my dream to make them smile,
Without a single solemn word ;
But of myself I asked meanwhile :

“That certain stroke which all men dread,—
Does it destruction, thus, but seem ?
There is a ‘*waking*’ from the dead ;
Hath not our life been called ‘a DREAM ?’”

SPRINGS IN THE DESERT.

TO——.



THOU whom I name not,—whose blood-
weeping heart

Through thy dry eyes in secret I see,
Divining its pangs by the mystical art
The Fates once sternly taught unto me,—

As a soft hand, that beats itself long and in vain
On a locked iron grate, nor can win
A welcome, nor e'en for its bruises and pain
An answering word from within ;

So the heart I behold, at Life's adamant gate
Beating, knocks for Affection, shut out
Alone, while the noon hurries on, and doth wait
In patience and faintness and drought.

The silence that maketh a shrine for thy grief,
My tongue is too reverent to break ;
For every sad saint who thirsts like thee, relief
Will I seek, though in chief for thy sake,

As a bird, from an oasis flying to sing
To the desolate pilgrims, who stand
At a loss in the desert, and show them the spring
That weeps through the pitiless sand.

The oasis needeth no song and no spade.
In the waste let me delve, here and there
Some lurking sweet source of refreshment and aid,
If haply I may, to lay bare ;

That, hither if ever thy footsteps shall stray,
Thy spirit may comforted be,
Drink the waters of healing that lie in thy way,
Nor know that I meant them for thee :

The Son was alone, yet the Father was nigh.
The children who study the best,

Have seats that are under the master's own eye,
But somewhat aloof from the rest ;

And many a young soul is from Friendship and Love
Set apart in Time's school-room, to spell
And learn the hard lessons that angels above
Shall kiss it for knowing so well.

The branch doth the vine-dresser prune, that shall
bear
His purple and wine, by and by ;
On the ruins of castles Man builds in the air,
Are founded the mansions on high.

The pale moon hangeth over the sunshiny earth
Unheeded and lonely all day,
But night unto myriads of love-lights gives birth
That throng round her companied way.

The night draweth on. Thou shalt see the unseen
And, rapt by the seraphim, rise
To the place they have kept thee, their pinions be-
tween,
In the fellowship dear of the skies.

CHESTER ;

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

LAR o'er the eastern billows, by the smiling
mouth of Dee,
Stands a goodly place of refuge for the wanderer
o'er the sea.
Kindly answer and fair dealing, at the counter or
the stall,
Meet his wants, or guide his footsteps to the inn or
to the Hall.
In gentle, or in simple, some new helper still he
greet's ;
And friends instead of strangers seem to haunt the
quaint old streets,
Whose rows of homes, though all unknown, brood
o'er his houseless form

As if they bent to shelter him, in sunshine or in storm.

There are tendance for the sick, and comfort seeking out the sad,

Cheering welcome for the lonely,—merry converse for the glad ;

Nor these alone ; the old and brown Cathedral opes her gates,

And heaven's own hospitality the eager pilgrim waits.

No churlish warden there, with crabbed word and grating key,

Hounds on his yearning, lingering feet. God's glorious house stands free,

As God's own kingdom, unto all ; and as the painted sun

Looks through her panes in many hues, but yet its warmth is one,

There Christians, branded long by sect with many a different name,

Rejoice to own their Father's love, to all His sons, the same,

While "churchman" and "dissenter" join, in
 choral sweet accord,
In confession and petition made through Christ,
 their common lord ;
And envyings and strifes seem dumb, invisible, and
 dead
As ashes of the monks of old beneath the pave-
 ment laid ;
And, like the white-robed choristers, pure Charities
 arise
To sing, while holds the world her peace, celestial
 harmonies,
And call the sonship unto God and brotherhood to
 Man
And unity of spirit back, in which the Church
 began.

God bless thee, dear old Chester, in thy basket and
 thy store,
Thy goings out and comings in, from henceforth
 evermore !
Thy children meet, whene'er they roam, with wel-
 comes warm as theirs,

And often cherish at their hearths some angel un-
wares,
And when their life has done with thee, go up to
sing and shine
In that eternal church most broad whose Founder
is divine,—
That holy place within the vail, whose porches min-
sters are
By mortals built, and none more dear than thine,
however fair !
May War and Fire and Pestilence forbidden pass
thee by,
And viewless hands thy crumbling towers hold ten-
derly on high !
While Time and Change their plaything make of
this our earthly ball,
The Lord Himself on every side be unto thee a
wall !
Thy citizens, when comes the night that bids all
strongholds nod
To dust, receive the freedom of the city of our
God ;

And let their plea accepted be, for every venial
sin,

“Thou wert a stranger, Lord, below; and, lo, we
took thee in !”

CHEERLY.



F all things that jostle poor mortals,—
The hardship and sorrow and care
Down here in Eternity's portals,—
There's nothing so bad as despair.
Oh, shun it on trust, dearest brothers,
Not trying it first;
Bad enough, to be sure, are the others,
But this is the worst!

Chorus : Then cheerly, O sisters and brothers ;
Although to the last from the first
We are followed and met by the others,
We can keep ourselves clear of the worst !

Oh, t'is hard for the castaway sailor,
That gasping and straining he swims,
And the sea all around is his jailer,
But more sad if he slackens his limbs,
Hides his face in the ocean's white pillow,
And struggles no more,
As he comes to the last ridge of billow,
That hideth the shore !

Chorus : Then cheerly ! No wet, briny pillow !
If baffled, we'll struggle the more ;
For it may be, 'tis but the last billow,
That hideth the sunshiny shore.

The champion's long fight, it is dreary,
'Mid comrades both dying and dead,
With the foe in his front never weary
And his sash ever growing more red ;
But 'twere harder, the back of a coward
To turn on his post,
And face the reserve rushing toward
The field that he lost.

Chorus: Then cheerly ! The backs of no cowards
We'll turn, though we fall, on our post ;
Troops of angels e'en now may rush towards
Our field, that shall never be lost ?

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A SERMON IN A STONE.



ARRY Jones and Tom Pynchon got out of
the cars,

Near a still country village, and lit their cigars.
They had left the hot town for a stroll and a chat,
And wandered on looking at this and at that,—
Plumed grass, with pink clover that waltzed, to the
breeze,
Ruby currants in gardens, and pears on the trees,—
Till a green church-yard showed them its sun-
chequered gloom ;—
They went in and sat down on a six-legged tomb.

The dead name was mossy ; the letters were dim ;
But they spelled out " Hugh Morton," and mused
about him,

Till Harry said poring, "I wish I could know
What manner of man used the bones down below."

Answered Tom as he took his cigar from his lip,
And tapped off the ashes that crusted the tip,—
His face somewhat shaded with awe and with mys-
tery,—

"You shall hear, if you will, the main points in his
history."

"You don't mean you knew him!—you could
not!—see here,—

Why this, since he died, is the thirtieth year!"

"I never saw him or the spot where he lay,
Nor heard of, nor thought of, the man till to-day ;
But I'll tell you his story, and leave it to you
If 'tis not ten to one that the story is true :

"The man, whose old mould underneath us is hid,
Meant a great deal more good and less harm than
he did.

He knelt in yon church 'mid the worshipping throng,
And vowed to do right, and went out to do wrong ;
For, going up of a Sunday to look at the gate
Of Saints' Alley, he stuck there and found it was
 strait,

And slid back of a Monday to walk in the way
That was popular, populous, spacious and gay.
The flesh it was strong, but the spirit was faint ;
He first was too young, then too old for a saint.
He wished well by his neighbours, did well by him-
 self,

And hoped for salvation, and struggled for pelf ;
And easy To-morrow still promised to pay
The still swelling debts of his spendthrift To-day ;
Till bestriding the deep, sudden chasm that is fixed
Our sunshiny world and the shadowy betwixt,
To-day with a pale wondering face stood alone,
And over the border To-morrow had flown.
So after went he, his accounts as he could
To settle, and make his loose reckonings good,
And left us his tomb-stone and skeleton under,—
Two boons to his race,—to sit down on and ponder.

Heaven help him !—yet heaven, I fear, he hath lost.
Here lies his poor dust ; but where cries his poor
ghost ?—

We know not. Perhaps we shall see by and by,
When out of our coffins we get,—you and I.”

PETRA.

"Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's noonday street,
Spirits sadder and more dread
Than from out the clay have fled,
Buried beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night."

J. R. LOWELL.*

SET in crags of lurid red,
Yawns a city of the dead.

O'er them fiery Asia's sun
Hurls his headlong splendors down.
Many-horned, with planted feet,
Up they toss the dizzy heat,
Till, in all, the shrinking eye
Only sees one blazing sky.

* See his poem of the Ghost-seer for plagiarisms.

Through the midst those crags are rent ;
 Through them drops the blank descent.
 Lo, midway 'twixt sky and ground,
 All with grand amazement crowned,
 Piles, by viewless workmen hewn,
 Starting through the living stone !
 Here and there, above, below,
 Niche, *façade*, and portico,
 Pyramid with blunted head,
 Climbing stair, and colonnade,
 And, their graven fronts among,
 Words in a forgotten tongue !

Call them palaces, not tombs !
 Surely these some princely gnomes
 Fashioned for their king's abode,
 Then heaved aloft their gorgeous load
 And, drunk with joy, elate and vain,
 Rent the earth's rough crust again,
 And left a chink that that sharp spy,
 Quick-prating Fancy, might descry,
 And straight to envying man unfold,
 The glories of the centre old.

Tombs they were. Thy lonely search
Follow through yon shady arch,—
Through the gaping, ghastly, street,—
Once their tenants' gay retreat,
Stood beside yon rushing river,—
Stood as if to stand forever.
There in careless merriment
Royally their days they spent,—
Sports, and feasts, and jollity,—
Served by slaves on bended knee.
When their joys had reached their term,
Royally they served the worm,
Garnishing with rocky wreath
Their grinning loathsomeness beneath.

To the grave their pomp was brought,
And their viols' noise to naught.
Silence deaf, their watcher sat ;
For her cresset, hung the bat.
For their Tyrian curtains, spread
Naked rock around each bed.
Rock beneath, and rock beside,
Lay the pampered sons of pride.

As the world's meek Saviour lay,
Till angels rolled the stone away.

Thrice the bones outlast the breath ;
The longest life's a babe to Death.
Wide-strown ruin marks the scene
Of their blithe three-score and ten ;
Wing'd ages scarce, with harmless plume,
Fan their last fair house of gloom.

Yet their very bones are gone.
Rock and sky confront alone,
O'er the narrow valley green,
Pent these rugged walls between.
All is strange ; and all is still,
Save the murmur of the rill
Vending—oriental trade—
Water at the tamarisk shade,
Or chaffering with the banterer free,
The rosy oleander-tree,
For some floating tresses more
To deck the wave they swept before,

Near the Arab boy, half seen
Through the wild-vine's tent of green,
Watching drowsily his flocks
From his nook among the rocks.

Fast amid men's hearth and homes
Lies a desert filled with tombs ;
And their noisome cells surround
Souls in stony durance bound,—
Souls whose bodies play their part
In the field, the church, the mart.
By them runs life's busy din,
But no sound can enter in ;
Enters not the morning light,—
Not the starry calm of night.
Fiends have set their watch full sure ;
Fiends have sealed the massy door,
And without that rigid vail,—
'Mid those rocks of Moussa's Vale,*

* The Arabic name of this valley of tombs is Wady-Moussa,
or the vale of Moses.

As the vine with tendrils deft
Sought, and found no entrance-cleft,—
Hangs, in unprevailing strife,
Human love on human life.

Who hath might to rend apart
The stone that closes o'er the heart ?
Long the watchers weep and wait,
For that stone is very great.
Faith and Hope, linked hand in hand,
With heavenward eyes expectant stand,
Meek and lonely as of yore
The Maries, at the sepulchre.
Hard and grim its brows are knit,
All with grim, hard records writ.
Who their dark import shall say ?
Who shall roll the stone away ?—

Fasts and vigils give the art
To read the language of the heart.—

Read me then, thou well-met seer,
Somewhat of the records here,

Showing thence, if thence thou may,
Who shall roll the stone away.—

*Here lies one, whose mighty youth
Glowed with eloquence and truth.*
High on Zion's summit dim,
Waves the palm that grew for him.
A poisoned sheep at Zion's foot
Sank he, at a laurel's root.
Dead to glory, dead to shame,
Laid him here the Lust of Fame.
When their anthems shake the sphere,
Seraphs stop in mid-career,
On their humming harps, to hear ;—
Vainly bends each earthward ear.
Manhood's voice, with manly mind
Pleading with, and for, mankind,
Lifts no more its echoing tone.
Hollow sounds the rumbling stone.—

Shall the silence last for aye ?
Who shall roll the stone away ?—

*Moulders in this rayless cave
 The rightful master of a slave.*
 Nature erst with liberal plan
 Moulded, cast, and stamped a man.
 Victim of a brother Cain,
 The noble creature here lies slain ;—
 Slain its nobler part doth lie,
 Sepulchred by Tyranny ;—
 Gloom surrounds it ; tenfold gloom
 Hides the world beyond the tomb ;
 Rage and, in its trail, Remorse
 Gnaw,—sharp-toothed worms,—its helpless
 corse.
 In its stead a thrall survives,—
 Wretched engine, plies not lives !
 So he still God's likeness wears,
 Heweth wood, and water bears,
 Wherefore rend yon stony slough ?
 Is it not for him enough ?
 Let his rightful master lie
 Sepulchred by Tyranny,
 And blindfold Virtue leagued with Sin,

Bid us help to hold him in !
Move his lips but not to pray.—

Who shall roll the stone away ?—

*Here was laid this spirit dead
By Despair, his lady wed.*
Foe thrice-sworn to care and strife,
Through the summer of his life,
Like a lightsome bird roved he
From bank to bank and tree to tree,
Nor timely learned to wing his flight
Towards th' eternal Life and Light.
Ne'er his joys' flush haste could brook
The hindrance of a filial look
To the bending heaven above,
In whose warm and fostering love
His merry world was lapped and cherished ;
Fell the leaves, and summer perished.
Quaking sapling, shrub, and tree,
In winter's thin white livery,
Twinkled back the kindly light,
Pointing to its birth-place bright.

But his fixed and earthward eye
 Saw hope's blossoms fruitless die.
 While the ice-clad cypress well
 Of those buried hopes the knell
 Tolloed, with cold and crystal clank,
 Stiffened, deaf, and blind he sank ;
 And a mound of sealing snows
 O'er his heavy tomb-stone rose.
 Sun thaws not these drifts so gray.—

Who shall roll the stone away ?—

*Mammon reared this gilded stone
 O'er a well-beloved son.*

For him your bitterest tears be shed,
 The neighbour's soul,—the patriot's,—dead,
 Who once, without two mites to give,
 Would fast to bid the famished live,
 Or cloakless brave the winter's wrack,
 To thatch the aged beggar's back,
 And tear the bribing Dives' note,
 And throw unsoiled his honest vote !
 He sees no more fair Freedom's pains,
 Languishing in golden chains.

Where his buried soul doth sleep,
Widows bowed and orphans weep.
His widowed wife and orphaned seed,
Dowered and portionéd with need,
Starve in more than outward dearth,—
Starved their hearts and lone their hearth ;—
And his boyhood's friend unheard
Calls him from Want's dungeon barred.—

Who their anguish shall allay ?
Who shall roll the stone away ?—

*This soul, ere youth had danced its round,
Slumbered on the Enchanted Ground,
All unmindful of the cost,
Till the light of life was lost.
Lulled with song of groves and streams
And syrens soft, to baleful dreams,
It, laughing Folly hither bore ;
Habit straight made fast the door ,
Then it woke !—it woke to see
The blackness of its misery !—*

Woke to grope the wierdly gloom
 Of a living-buried doom !
 Tiptoe prim Morality,
 In white large-bordered garments, by,
 When for ruth and aid it cried,
 Passed it on the other side.
 How it scours its evil lair,
 Frightened by the darkness there ;—
 Knocks and shrieks,—poor soul !—for day !—
 Who shall roll the stone away ?—

Here—

Nay, peace ! Thy task give o'er !
 Read, for I will hear no more !
 If it only serve to show
 These hidden things of shame and woe,
 Nor faintest thrill of hope t' impart,
 Worse than vain thy boasted art !
 Seest thou, mid these hideous glooms
 No spirits rising from their tombs ?
 All too long the watchers wait.
 Still the stone is fixed as fate.

Send, great God, thy thunders down !
Naught below can rend this stone.—

Over stone-bound sprites I grope,
Oft as now, and see no hope ;
And, dwelling, mid these lonely glooms,
Once I sat among the tombs
From the pale first glow of day
To its latest drowning ray,
In vain ; but when the midnight thickened,
Mine inner ear the darkness quickened,
Till, choking down my heart's loud beat,
I heard the angels' stealthy feet ;
(They love to do their good I ween,
As God doth His, and be not seen.)
With joy suppressed, I heard them come
Whispering downward from their home ;
Then round me seemed the stones to roll
From many a gasping, rising soul,
And after, many a still small voice
To bid th' enfranchised ones rejoice.

Thus, by Night and Silence trained,
My sharpened sense the skill hath gained
To catch,—while through his sunshine bright
Tramps shouting Noon,—their flutterings light ;
And, through the statesman's protest, flung
In the teeth of chartered Wrong,
Through the sighs of charity,
'Through the preacher's homily,
Through contrition's faltering breath,
Through the stifled moan of death,
Or the solemn swell of prayer
Stealing on the hallowed air,
Where some sweet and saintly tongue
Pleadeth for the listening throng,—
Thus I hear, from day to day,
Angels rolling stones away.

A VIGIL WITH ST. LOUIS.

"Χεῖρες μὲν ἀγναὶ, φρὴν δ' ἔχει μίαισμά τι."

EURIPIDES.



FRIEND, thy brow is overcast ; but haply
for thy grief,
Though all untold, a means I hold to work a swift
relief,—
A hallowed spell ;—no rites we need, that need to
shun the light ;
Thy taper trim ; for we must read some dark old
words to-night.

For I will,—shall I ?—from their graves call up
the holy dead,
More potent than the living oft such soul as thine
to aid.

From Fear and Woe, through fears and woes like
ours, they won release,

And, through our still-confronting foes, once fought
their way to peace.

'Twixt woe and weal, a balm to heal our every
wound they found,—

An outlet for each pool of strife that whirls us
round and round.

And, if perhaps their childish time discerned not
all aright,—

While Fancy her stained windows reared between
them and the light,—

That in these lighter latter days 'tis given to thee to
know,

Then seek the spirit they received, and bid the
letter go.

Thy heart unto its Lord unlock, and shut thy
closet-door ;

The holy water of thy tears, drop on the quiet
floor ;

Unclasp the old brown tome. The walls no more
are seen. The page
I read ; and we are backward borne far in a by-
gone age.
The spell hath wrought. To take us in, a tower and
bower advance
Where grows upon our steadfast gaze the royal saint
of France.

That bower full well a hermit's cell,—with hour-
glass decked and skull,—
Might seem,—the hangings woven all of rocks and
mosses full.
The floor is thick with rushes strown ; some kneel-
ing-place is there
Worn,—as, when in the marsh they grew, by deer
that made their lair,—
Worn just beneath yon carven form that leans in
pain and love,
As if to bless, from its high place, and almost seems
to move

When round it with the wind of night the arras
 sways and swings,—
The Viceroy's of the Universe, Son of the King of
 kings.

For Louis loves to leave his court and lay aside his
 crown
And, to a mightier prince than he, to bow in homage
 down ;
In this great presence learns the king, peace, ruth,
 and lowlihead ;
Here learns the saint, the majesty no earthly
 power to dread.

But now the king's mute voice, it rings and through
 the shades doth call,
“Ho, Sire de Jonville, come to me, my doughty
 Seneschal !”

The rafters feel the tramp of steel ; and by the
 monarch stand
Again the feet that by him stood erst in the Holy
 Land.

“O Sire de Jonville,” to his friend and servant,
Louis saith,

“Hold fast and firmly to the end the jewel of thy
faith !

Strong faith’s the key of heaven ; and once an ab-
bot taught to me,

If will is good, though faith is weak, shall faith
accepted be.

This tale he told :

“A Master old—Master of Sacred Lore,*—
Of fame unsmirched, once came to him in straits
and travail sore.

‘What wouldst thou, Master ? What’s the grief
that makes thee peak and pine ?—

And comest thou to me ? My soul hath often leaned
on thine.’

“‘Let each co-pilgrim lean in turn on each,’ in an-
guish meek,

* “Un grant Maistre en Sainte Theologie.” V. Joinville’s
Memoirs.

With tongue that clave unto its roof, the Master
then did speak ;
But when the abbot led him in and lent him pitying
ears,
Then tears came fast instead of words ; words could
not come for tears.

“ ‘O brother, weep no more, but speak ; and banish
thy dismay.

Of Man is guilt ; but grace is God's, that purgeth
guilt away.

If all our little being's bound were filled and stuffed
with sin,

'Twere nothing to the holiness His mighty heart
within ;

And, in this wilderness of life, there's no such
crooked road

But from it may a path be found straight to the
throne of God.

The penitent, who mourns like thee, that path
shall surely take ;

What needeth but to own thy sin and straight thy
sin forsake ? ’

“‘Yet must I weep. Mine inward plight is one
that stands alone ;
The outward ill, the tempted wight may do or
leave undone ;
But when I to the altar go, to eat the sacred bread,
And gaze upon the blood divine that for us all was
shed,
Still Satan stirreth up in me a heart of unbelief !—
This guilt must sure unmeasured be, save haply by
this grief.’

“The abbot’s brows were sternly bent an instant
on his guest :
‘Dost thou—thou dost not, sure !—invite this traitor,
to thy breast ?’

“‘The livelong day, though sore assailed, true
watch and ward I keep,—
Keep vigils long as flesh can bear ;—but, in my helpless
sleep,—
Thronged heaven, canst thou no angel spare to sit
by me by night

And drive away the hell-sent dreams that drive me
wild with fright?—

I seem to spurn with frantic hands, and spill, that
piteous blood,—

To trample on the blessed bread and spit upon the
Rood !'

“The abbot's cheer grew calm and clear : ‘Now,
Master, tell me true :

For ought that Satan proffers thee, such trespass
wouldst thou *do* ?’

“‘From his poor thrall he taketh all, and offereth
naught instead.

The Father's grace,—the Son's kind face,—are all
I crave,' he said.

“‘For any threat of any fate, wouldst follow his
commands ?’

“‘The fiery stake, I'd rather make my portion at
his hands.'

"The abbot's smile was bright the while as 'twere a
saint's in ~~bliss~~ :

'O fiend, thou well mayst seek for ~~hell~~ so pure a
gem as this !

O cunning foe, that round dost go, such heaven-
ward birds to snare,

When every brighter lure is vain, wouldst tempt
them with despair?—

Bethink thee, Master : War doth rage 'twixt Brit-
ain's king, we know,

And ours ;—now tell me unto whom most thanks our
liege shall owe,

When war is o'er,—to him who, oft assailed, but
never quelled,

The castle of Rochelle upon the dangerous Marches
held,—

Whose battlements must bristle still with arblast,
pike and lance,—

Or Montlhéry's, that nestles safe close to the heart
of France * ?'

* "Au fin cœur de la France."

“‘Unto the warden of Rochelle,—Thou’rt answered easily!’

“‘That stronghold is thy heart, but mine the keep
of Montl’hery ;
For He who giveth gifts to all, hath given me to believe
So steadfastly that strife like thine, my wit can
scarce conceive.
From th’ Enemy, God keepeth me,—He knows my
weaker strength,—
But suffers thee assayed to be for higher meed at
length.
Then let us, at our different posts, His equal mercies own ;
But they the sharpest thorns who bear, may wear
the brightest crown.’

“Beside his kneeling penitent the abbot bent the
knee,
Sped his own praise and prayers, to heaven, forth
on an embassy,

Then raised him up and saw that God had sent
him answering grace,—

The shadow of the Enemy had passed from heart
and face.

Calmly as warily he walked his fellow men beside,
Henceforth,—a good, grave man. 'Twas said, a
happy man he died."

THE SHADOW.

"For * * * our days on the earth *are* [*i.e.*, our life on the earth is] as a shadow."

I. *Chronicles*, xxix.: 15.

THE traveller, walking early from the east,
Sees his long shadow stretching out before ;
But, while his eyes on varied prospects feast,
He marks not how it shortens more and more ;
Nor, pushing forward, doth he think or know,
While mid-day burns, how stealthy, mute and fleet,
Behind him toward his starting-point to grow,
It, dwindled, slides beneath his hastening feet.
Well spake the Shepherd-king : Thus, in our dawn,
And in the glare and hurry of our noon,
And when our lagging day is almost gone,
Our life is a shadow. Lo, how soon
The long to-morrow, that before us lay,
Behind us runs, a dim, long yesterday !

THE ERRAND.

GO, find thy little public, little book,
(Wherein my heart and brain would show
each other

The truest truth that's seen by either's look,
And strive with mutual zeal in each to smother
The unbeliefs of a degenerate age,
And treasons that of unbeliefs are born.)
Call those who muse upon thy puny page
To holy love and fear, and noble scorn.
And if it haply prove thou hast the power,
From them to win some thankfulness to me,
For any happy—any hallowed—hour,
Then, while they scan thee, bid them for my fee
Do like the angels at the judgment day,—
Gather thy good, but cast thy bad away.

